



Bruno Janiszewski

**NATUROLOGIA;**  
*or a process in the actual*

Toruń/Mława 2014

Natuologia embraces both idealistic aspects of human potential, as well as those related to suffering; thus, the whole emotional human activity as experienced by the mind is reflected upon within the only real circumstances devoid of any artificial elements, that is, within nature. Those emotions are consciously made visible in the mind of the individual, and hence reflection is possible to be undertaken. The said reflection's aim is to find its ideal place within the actual and the real as found in nature. During such encounters with nature, when the mind and nature clasp with each other, creating a universal mind within the mind of the All, the individual arrives at the moment of perceiving transcendent entity enacted within his constitutive elements – a moment of watchfulness within the continuum. The nature of this transcendent moment may vary in that at one time it may have strong emotional, lunar lineage, connected to experiencing the ideal through the funnel where suffering and other seemingly depressing qualities are located, whereas at other times it may take in purely abstract forms from the very start; notwithstanding the division, it appears quite conducive when all the grasp of experiential elements is present during the moment of abiding within the actual, which is like a constant, timeless, immediate over-spreading of energies that have their home in the unseen and the unspeakable. Natuologia aims at creating a coherent system for the individual and their only true and immediate moment, entirely faithful to their own subjective and, progressively, universal constituencies. Defragmented reality becomes real without any boundaries. Through the individual's differentiation, that is giving a cardinal power to their subjective/universal constituencies by getting rid of the external, chaotic schemes as found outside nature, any kind of union is possible only then.

### Nature as a concept:

Retreat into nature cannot be understood as a primordial, primitive return to the modes of living as found centuries years ago. The human being has ascended since then, exceeding different planes of evolution. Nature can simply become a template onto which the individual can introduce their own imaginative exertions in order to attain a pure being. To this end, any social validations should be dispensed with so that the only thing that there is is the mere personal, subjective raw material which will undergo a process of transmutation from seemingly pure mind of the preliminary stages of attaining the actual to the transgressive, meditative state of being. Nature is the most pure space which is not burdened by dialogic validations, nor any other social perspectives, given the individual perceives it as being so at its primary state, for nature and its representatives, such as forests, unfortunately, can be ascribed with false elements of societal, historical character which depreciates the power of nature in the mind of the individual. Once nature is envisaged as a pure platform within which working in the actual is possible, the individual can proceed to further mental actions. Apart from abstract mental representation of nature, one may also obtain certain purification through emotive sphere of mental capability. If someone marvels at the beauty of leaves being cut through with the sun's rays, the whole scene glimmering in the eyes of the beholder, then such an affective plane may, of course, also transfer the individual into a certain kind of epiphany, perhaps of more ecstatic character, rather than that of more static and sober knowingness; yet the ways are multitude. The aim is to perceive the actual, its purifying character, and when even not being physically there, within the representatives of nature, there can be engraved in the mind the schema of nature upon which the individual can act. It is all about purification, as well as questioning and finding further planes of the absolute. Human being has transgressed many primitive limitations imposed by biological and other basic modes of

being, so that all that there is is to progressively and constantly name the abyss, with a simultaneous recognition of the actual and immediate as constant elements of the ever-being universal truth. The work of the transcendentalist ever shines in its glory.

nature as a concept  
nature as an intelligent mechanism  
nature as a scheme  
nature as an abstract entity  
nature as a process

||||\\\\\\\\

unnatural defragmentation  
living off objective reality  
destroys the link with the essentials

i work towards coalescing with  
organic habitation of the elements

a vast canvas of nature  
in the process of being engraved  
into the mind  
so that nature speaks  
through my eyes  
my mind  
my unified sense of being  
with the cosmic waves and outbursts  
of excellence

presence of never-existent sentiment  
permeates the scent of the landscape

////

thoughts unresolved  
bask in their divinity

rushing with sunned branches' imprint on the eye  
scents mingle:  
imagination  
memories, premonitions  
sunsets calmly pulsating with scented breeze  
tree bowers enclosing  
a lake's glass reflecting the stillness yet the dynamic  
all project both ways into one another  
emotion stored  
emotion dormant  
emotion reinvigorated upon visiting spaces so dear to the truth that is  
one's own  
exclusively private  
excellence within  
excellence always present, yet still vulnerable to memory lapses  
inklings' appearance  
stretching them over the landscape  
the transparent eyeball catching them all

letting the vision expand  
home as a distance  
far and near are the poles of the same

vision's dynamic stillness overreaches the visible spectrum  
its ever-evolving harmony overlaps the throbbing  
of the particles the landscape is composed of  
i endow the clearing and the clearing endow my eye  
with inlets and outlets of the central light

within is without and without is within

the landscape is vibrant with multitudes  
of senses and perceptual grains realised in the mind  
of the universe as well as in my own  
everything effortlessly, yet thickly  
flow through the moment  
the centre of entireness is everywhere  
and even when i catch the glimpses of the patches  
of the various elements a given moment pressed  
upon my fluid emotion, thus dispersing the intensity  
of matter, everything still is swaying to and fro  
at pace so fast, so intelligible that  
it is impossible to tell what  
pole i am at; thus intensity is alive,  
vibrant.  
and this moment of single excellence  
is immortal and the corporal frame is then of no  
significance whatsoever, and yet it is feels  
it is as important as anything around -  
simultaneous total separateness and total union

then those moments are ever to be put into  
reinvigoration when the shallowness of the day prevails  
image being experienced  
image experienced being recollected  
recollection put into deeper divination  
each separate recollection recreates new images based  
on those already passed. recreating the past to find excellence  
but also to find the truth of the original light  
yet it seems that even though the original light is no more  
it seems that it is ever-reappearing  
in a circular manner upon eager visitation of a nature's admirer.  
some elements appear as gone -  
reliving the moments before the exemption from Eden  
so that the fall is soon overthrown and the ability  
to see the light becomes, after unavoidable periods of  
unseeing, a recurrent capability ready to set in  
once the beloved space and its constituents are  
placed wholly within the mind

immediate surroundings  
the real and the actual  
balance infinitely intact  
even though emotion fluid  
contains vibrant shadows  
its vicissitude is a  
necessity

the neutral groping with the emotional -  
purity of senses contained in both

sense of universal light existing beyond  
the subjective and the subjective with  
premonitions of private truth - which one wields  
superiority? are they connected in that they  
see through each other? is there anything beyond  
the subjective, the universal being the outward internalized  
or is the internal that becomes externalized towards the neutral  
universal?

amalgamation of both

/imagination\  
// memories // premonitions

/ spatial cognition

-- (objective knowledge subjectivised))

= vision or premonition extended (or vision = premonition)

epistemological glitch  
permanent edging of  
the experience

no ultimate answer  
the vision unfolds  
arranges and rearranges

elements  
elements  
elements  
elements  
elements

constant is the change  
within the ideal  
which itself is  
condemned to ever-expanding  
in its bright excellence

collecting/recollecting the elements upon reunion

third consecutive year of  
collecting vestiges of the private truth  
each reunion comes with a twitch  
and the senses are welcomed with a flow  
of fresh air billowing within the space  
filled with hills and trees  
reunion like a twitch showering the eyes  
with bright exultation of this view  
landscape breathes with its elements  
and so do my eyes breathe and the whole  
constitutive entireness which hinges  
upon the favourable arrangement of  
the mental capabilities that can now  
appear in its true form, not fooled  
by elements that are not one's own  
running up the slant slopes, eyes see  
the images of immediate value  
not intersected by common generalizations  
and the mind unravels its vulgar knots  
and exposes itself to what is the necessity  
of pure being, which, difficult to maintain  
for all those disrupting thoughts, rewards  
the individual with the only true moments  
to which meaning ever is in the moment  
of sprawling magnificence  
awaiting to be perceived

third consecutive year the truth appears  
as a long-forgotten sentiment ready to be  
realised in the private truth

the gathered images from the previous visitations  
superimpose one into another, creating  
multi-exposure collages, with the truth being  
more and more blurred.

inklings enter the visionary plane  
rushing through the path sided by high trees  
setting sun cuts through the blooming branches  
i anxiously  
yet with joy ready to be unearthed  
wonder if i will manage to see the sunset  
over the clearing  
which is not far from here  
approaching the scene  
still looking up to see the position  
of the sun  
the vision will set in  
the clearing as an altar  
giving the immediate

a sunset over the clearing  
sprawls the moment of excellence  
which the eyes collect  
and at which the mind exults interminably  
wet moss in the overgrowth has  
droplets which turns into life-renewing  
spots of fresh air that furthers  
itself always forward  
corn fields and grass imitate that  
forward-furthering state and bask  
in the pure being  
far is near

pure vision questions the conscious  
and the subconscious  
it all ever is

plain // actual // reductionistic //

acts of brilliance  
epiphanies experienced  
within the immediate and actual  
with the inevitable moments of  
forgetting

forgetting  
immediate actual  
epiphanies  
acts of brilliance

spreading the vision wide  
spreading the influx of combined freshness  
through the landscape

emotions and overall perception  
should not draw into themselves  
for their own sake  
thus operating within very narrow  
spectrum of life intricacies  
it leads to nowhere and leaves  
the individual overwhelmingly  
distraught

emotions and perception should  
find their extension  
their primary dwelling  
within the vastness  
the space of the landscape  
the body constantly extending its  
channels of emotive transmitter  
so that the source lies  
in the over-expanding powers of perception  
so that one does not feel alienated  
from the unknown but constitutes  
the cardinal part of all the images  
one thus becomes the landscape themselves  
and draw it to the inside so that  
the inside is extended and not limited  
as it was before when it threw off  
of mere trivial reasonings.

having found extension in the outside  
so does the inside adopt the image  
of the outside, bring about  
constant coalescence of those two poles.

do not be entangled in the tunnel of imposed, suffocating and narrowing intricacies, instilling a random discourse of vulgar matters into your own system

introduce vastness and freshness of the unlimited sphere of the landscapial persuasion

# SOLAR EXCELLENCE

# LUNAR LETHARGY

and i walk through the paths  
the sun casts its red-sunken rays  
and the branches crack under my feet  
and the air feels thoroughly permeated  
with the freshness of the unutterable  
now i feel that the character of the emotion  
of this very moment influences the surroundings  
with inward memories of non-existent  
nature which thrust out their primacy over  
the eternal reasonings of neutral character  
that now the innermost subjective truth is at  
the centre of valuation. nostalgia of things  
that have never been speaks through  
the surroundings that remind about  
truths real and truth interminable  
but there are still premonitions present  
of those moments that have never been  
that shine with forest scents fresh and  
present there where the sunset unfurls  
its light. i do not try to overindulge in  
those thoughts and try to look at them  
for their own sake. poignant feelings in  
sunset-sunken forests. the clearing is not  
that far from this place. it is almost  
perceivable upon closer investigation:  
between the trees somewhere there,  
there is the clearing i have been to  
many times, when standing in the middle  
the view produced the landscape which  
sprawls far and wide but which is limited  
by the wall of trees some kilometres onwards  
and the landscape vibrates as it always does

with pure moments as well as moments tainted with memories and premonitions, always entangling one into another, creating a communion which is hard to tell apart from its constitutive elements. then the infinite golden hour appears as if thinking in endings. i see the infinite. but it sometimes entails the ending, yet of eternal proportions. there is, however, still no clearing, and i wander still. then, all of a sudden, i come to an undergrowth, crouch, and then set into a lying position within the undergrowth. fresh forest scents lull me to a deeper suspension then i become alienated to the otherwise tangible realm of reality. i am somewhere else for some time. dark and vaguely visible colours of the forest. lying supine and just being unrealized. then i walk again but within other surroundings, constantly toiling onwards to the last breath. it is not the path that i have been going through all that time. the sun is still about to drown in the red of the horizon somewhere behind the trees. at times i am not able to divine whether it is a dawn or early dusk. delicate mists hover over the horizon. there is something in those surroundings, some vestiges that tell me about the things that have never been. unresolved memories and premonitions construct landscape uncompleted. the landscape is external, but also landscape is me. fragile chilly breeze and mists marry the sunken sun and i cannot tell what has ever been but i am sure everything has ever been and it will remain so.

the truth of my own is dormant and resists to uncover.  
breeze touches my cheek and the presences are futile.  
thinking in endings and thinking in eternity.  
the clearing is not at a sight and the dying sun  
is blinding me with its now-immediate goodbyes or  
maybe interminable welcoming. feeling distant and  
connected at the same time. there has never been much  
but i knew that much would never drown out that  
which is to be met. to meet essentials was to reduce  
everything to the core. memories and premonitions.  
being and acting. arranging and rearranging.  
what is the sense of this very immediate being.  
sentiment and truth. nostalgia and premonition.  
thinking in endings and thinking in eternity.

being the mind  
renouncing all the forms  
that seemed applicable as to  
what the individual is

within nature  
never animal  
only human extended  
so that it is always  
way beyond it

the mind embedded within  
nature  
nature being the nerves  
yet also the centre of  
all

as above so below

and i marvel at the spirit of the forest  
with tears in glaring eyes  
the necessity sweet and fleeting

looking at the sky, at the sun,  
at the moon, at the faraway phenomena  
and internalizing the images of the magnitude  
within oneself  
greatness internalized

out of exertion comes sweetness  
mental purity

see me as a wide landscape  
wide, non-definite, full of ever-extending  
powers  
so that you also find your own  
universal canvas of things

the landscape in progress  
no mean intricacies will even manage  
to at the slightest degree change it

differentiation is cardinal if freedom be reached.  
within the differentiated area, an abstract template, which is, still,  
constantly extending, create your own vision of  
oneness, where the desired elements attain their  
unresolved perfect balance of things proper.  
do not attach to yourself any constructs any person  
would willingly attach to you based on an action  
that seemingly bears the stamps of something familiar.  
do not heed those words, and think outside those categorizations  
your own creation on whatever level of activity is always  
your own and separate.

*there's nothing in the world but Mind itself*

patches and strands of sound  
like shafts of light  
dawn upon mind  
triggered by emotions

You might think about life out there, its random intricacies, and feel that it still might provide some colouring to your existing; yet all of a sudden, there is only an empty space, a conglomerate of relations between individuals in which the nature's worshipper is but left stupefied with his forest silence and the ultimate understanding he finds therein. No bridge between the casual existence of society's doings, no bridge between other relations – chaos of discourses, alienation, no human mirror into which you could widen the spectrum of being, change perspectives. Yet to this string of misunderstandings and disappointments nature always stand indifferent and always full of universal understanding: without ever bending to your case, it is always in a state that once you have comprehended and incorporated it into your own mental system, you feel ultimate compassion that

eventually transforms into a plane of transcendent reasoning where any earlier typical human distortions in understanding become obliterated and transferred into that area of broad and immediate knowing; there are numerous starting points before reaching that natural exuilibrium, and very often the disappointment with the casual might be one of them. It certainly might be impractical, as it has seemingly no surface value whatsoever, yet lends itself perfect for those that no matter how hard they might try to escape from it, the only truth finally abides and has always abided in the undisrupted sphere of natural phenomenon. It is only for those seeking it, and not for those who would see it as a temporal substitute for any problems. The travail stemming from the nature worshipper's pilgrimage is everlasting.

Nature is the mind

Nature is a human being

it is supposed to be a travail  
exertion immense and going uphill  
through path uncertain  
going till the sunset's beams  
quench fatigue of the troubled wayfarer  
and the cerulean sky will pour its  
infinity into the individual's  
pure mind  
will interminable  
eternal process in blissful solitude  
transcendent self wrought upon  
the mind of the all  
tears upon renewal  
greatness gleaming bright  
becoming all-encompassing brightness  
brightness  
all  
restoration  
silence

|||||/|||||/|||||/\\|||||